

SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL

#17

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH

MARVEL



EVANSK17
MORALES
ISANONE

MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



LAST TIME:

THE SKY IS BLUE, DEADPOOL IS AWESOMESAUCE, AND MAD SCIENTISTS CREATE HORRIFYING ABOMINATIONS. IT'S JUST FACTS. AIN'T NO THANG.

EXCEPT THIS TIME, THE MAD SCIENTIST IN QUESTION WAS PATIENT ZERO--WHO, UNLIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD, REALLY HATES SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL--AND THE ABOMINATION HE MADE--CREEPILY NAMED ITSY BITSY--WAS EXTRA-HORRIFYING. CREATED FROM SAMPLES OF DNA FROM BOTH SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL, SHE GOT A KOOKY COCKTAIL OF THEIR POWERS, SO SHE'S KINDA UNBEATABLE. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, SHE KEEPS KILLING PEOPLE. LOTS AND LOTS OF PEOPLE. AND SHE'S DOING IT IN THE NAME OF HER SPIDEY-POOL DADDIES.

RELENTLESSLY FIGHTING ITSY BITSY HAS STARTED TO TAKE ITS TOLL, AND WHILE DEADPOOL IS LEARNING HOW TO BE A BETTER PERSON FROM HIS BROTHERLY JOURNEY WITH SPIDEY, SPIDER-MAN IS SIMILARLY STARTING TO LOSE FAITH IN HIS NO-KILLING-EVER STANCE, AND WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT?!

ITSY BITSY

Part 4

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DAN BUCKLEY PPRESIDENT ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY
STAN LEE AND STEVE DITKO

DEADPOOL CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD AND FABIAN NICIEZA



I'M DONE.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY TIMES I'VE SAID THOSE WORDS TO MYSELF SINCE I PULLED ON THE RED-AND-BLUES...

"I'M DONE."

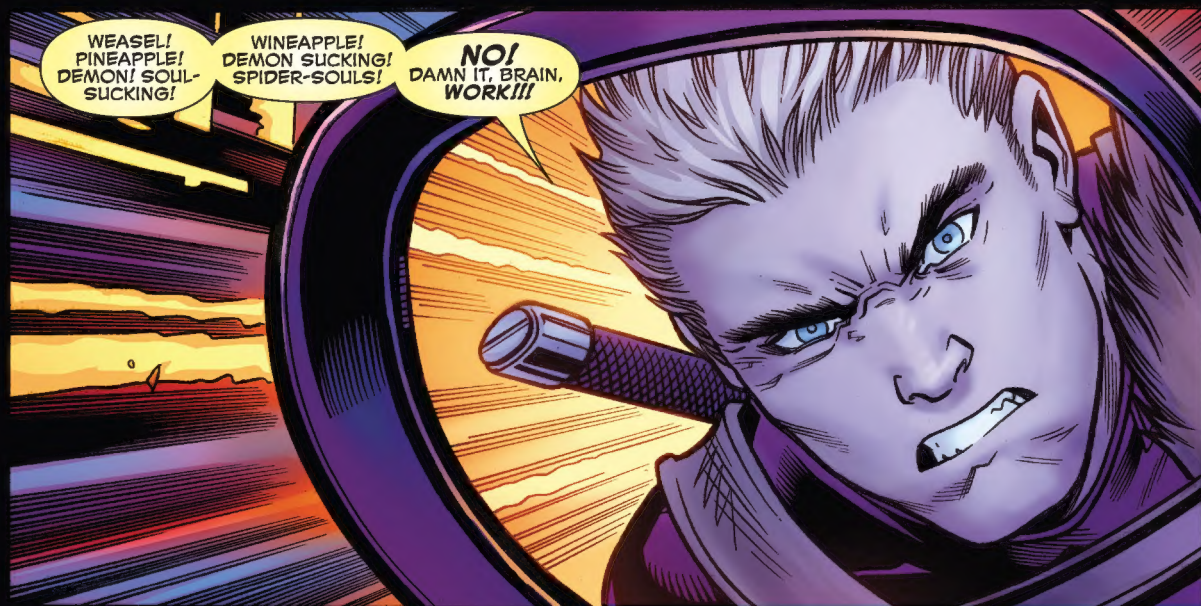
I'VE NEVER MEANT IT. NOT REALLY.



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TALKING A METRIC BUTT-TON OF SMACK ABOUT ME LATELY, AND I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

I'M NOT CRAZY. I WAS NEVER ABUSED AS A CHILD...

...AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE SURE OF MYSELF IN ALL OF MY DAYS ON THIS DUNGHEAP OF A PLANET.



WEASEL! PINEAPPLE! DEMON! SOUL-SUCKING!

WINEAPPLE! DEMON SUCKING! SPIDER-SOULS!

NO!
DAMN IT, BRAIN, WORK!!!



BECAUSE THAT'S MY STORY, RIGHT? IT'S THE NARRATIVE I WAS GIVEN...OR THAT I SPUN--

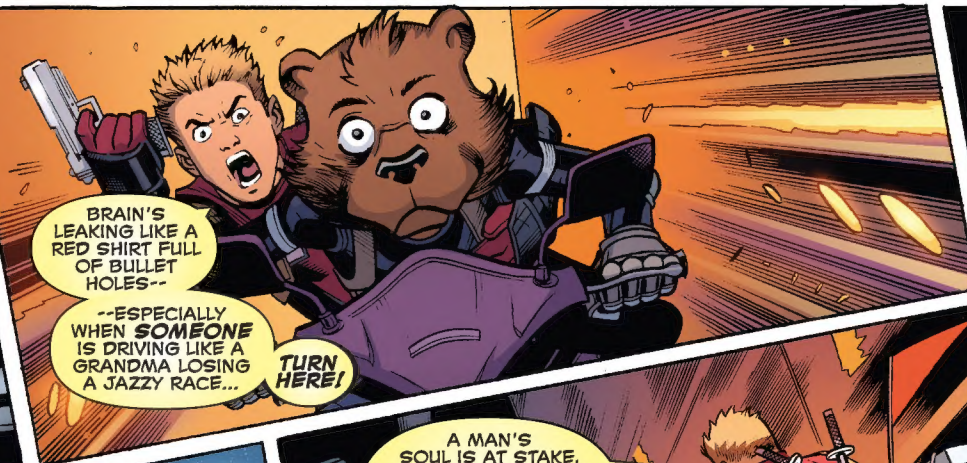
--SPIDER-MAN SUFFERS THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF THE UNIVERSE. HE TAKES HIS LICKS NO MATTER HOW BRUTAL. NO MATTER HOW SOUL-CRUSHING...

...AND HE GETS UP TO DO IT AGAIN.



A LOT OF PEOPLE COMPLAIN ABOUT LACKING THE POWER TO CHANGE THE WORLD. I USED TO BE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE.

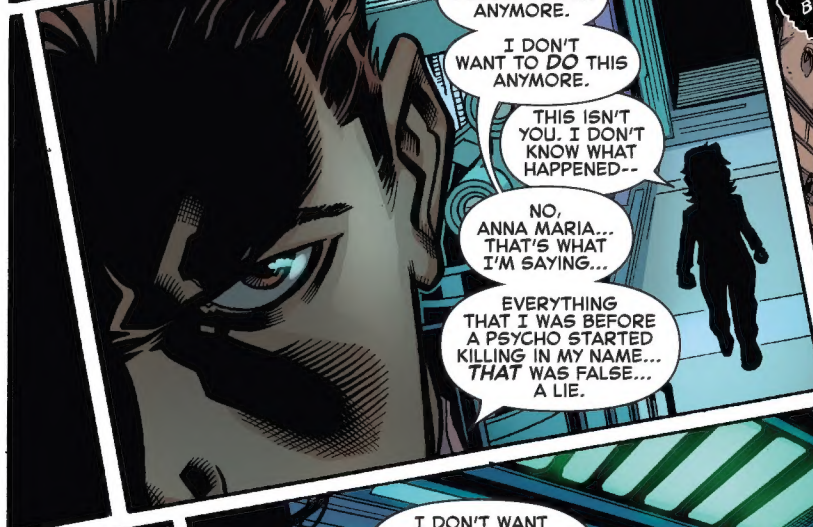
DRUGS WERE MY ANSWER. CLICHE, RIGHT?



BRAIN'S LEAKING LIKE A RED SHIRT FULL OF BULLET HOLES--

--ESPECIALLY WHEN **SOMEONE** IS DRIVING LIKE A GRANDMA LOSING A JAZZY RACE...

TURN HERE!



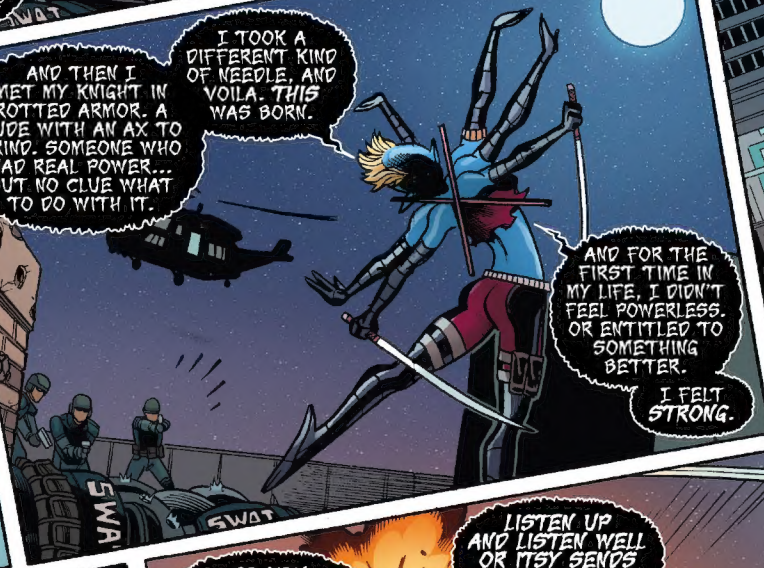
IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE.

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE.

THIS ISN'T YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED--

NO, ANNA MARIA... THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING...

EVERYTHING THAT I WAS BEFORE A PSYCHO STARTED KILLING IN MY NAME... THAT WAS FALSE... A LIE.

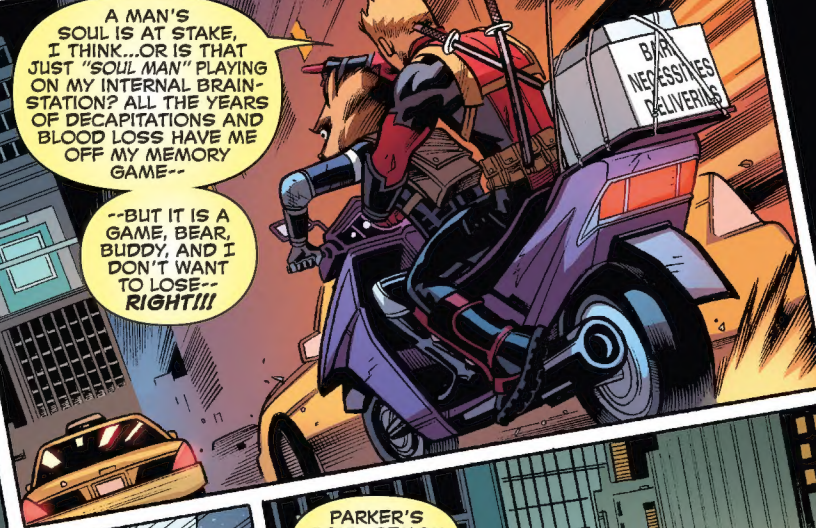


AND THEN I MET MY KNIGHT IN ROTTEN ARMOR. A DUDE WITH AN AX TO GRIND. SOMEONE WHO HAD REAL POWER... BUT NO CLUE WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

I TOOK A DIFFERENT KIND OF NEEDLE, AND VOILA. THIS WAS BORN.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I DIDN'T FEEL POWERLESS. OR ENTITLED TO SOMETHING BETTER.

I FELT STRONG.



A MAN'S SOUL IS AT STAKE, I THINK...OR IS THAT JUST "SOUL MAN" PLAYING ON MY INTERNAL BRAIN-STATION? ALL THE YEARS OF DECAPITATIONS AND BLOOD LOSS HAVE ME OFF MY MEMORY GAME--

--BUT IT IS A GAME, BEAR, BUDDY, AND I DON'T WANT TO LOSE-- **RIGHT!!!**



I DON'T WANT TO LET LIFE KICK ME IN THE GUT AGAIN, KNOWING THAT I HAVE THE POWER TO STOP IT.

NOT THIS WAY.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE... IT'S NOT YOU... YOU'RE NOT... HIM.

PETER, LOOK AT ME!



DO YOU MIND?! I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN MY MANIFESTO HERE!

LISTEN UP AND LISTEN WELL OR IT'S SENDS YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL!



PARKER'S SOUL. DEMON JERK-BAG. DON'T KILL IT. GOT IT.

THANKS FOR THE LIFT! SORRY FOR THE BLADDER RELEASE.



NO. LOOK AT ME, ANNA MARIA.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

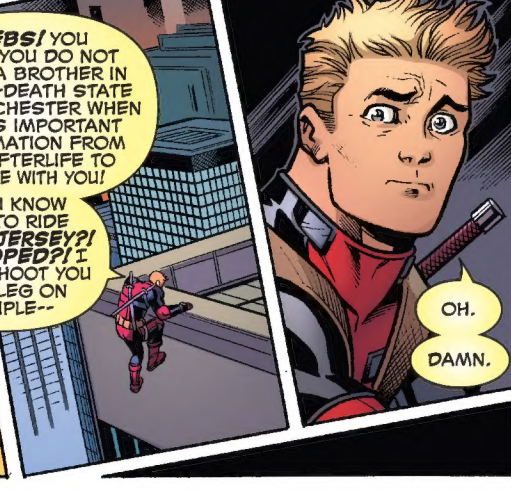
IT ENDS TONIGHT. ALL OF IT.



I JUST WANT TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

AND I DON'T CARE HOW MANY OF YOU JACKHOLES I HAVE TO KILL TO DO IT.

YOU WANT ME TO STOP? BRING ME MY DADDIES. WE NEED TO TALK.



WEBS! YOU JERK! YOU DO NOT LEAVE A BROTHER IN A NEAR-DEATH STATE IN WESTCHESTER WHEN HE HAS IMPORTANT INFORMATION FROM THE AFTERLIFE TO SHARE WITH YOU!

DO YOU KNOW I HAD TO RIDE THROUGH **JERSEY!** ON A **MOPED?** I SHOULD SHOOT YOU IN THE LEG ON PRINCIPLE--

OH. DAMN.



THANKS FOR
COMING.

WE NEED
TO TALK
BEFORE...

WE JUST
NEED TO
TALK.

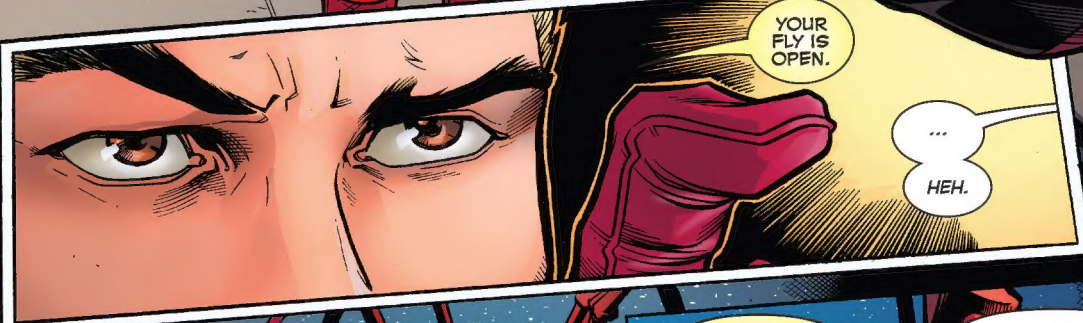


...

YOUR
FLY IS
OPEN.

...

HEH.



SORRY, IT'S
LOW-FRUIT HUMOR
OR INSTANT DIAPER
DUMP. YOU KNOW HOW
SCARY YOU LOOK
RIGHT NOW?

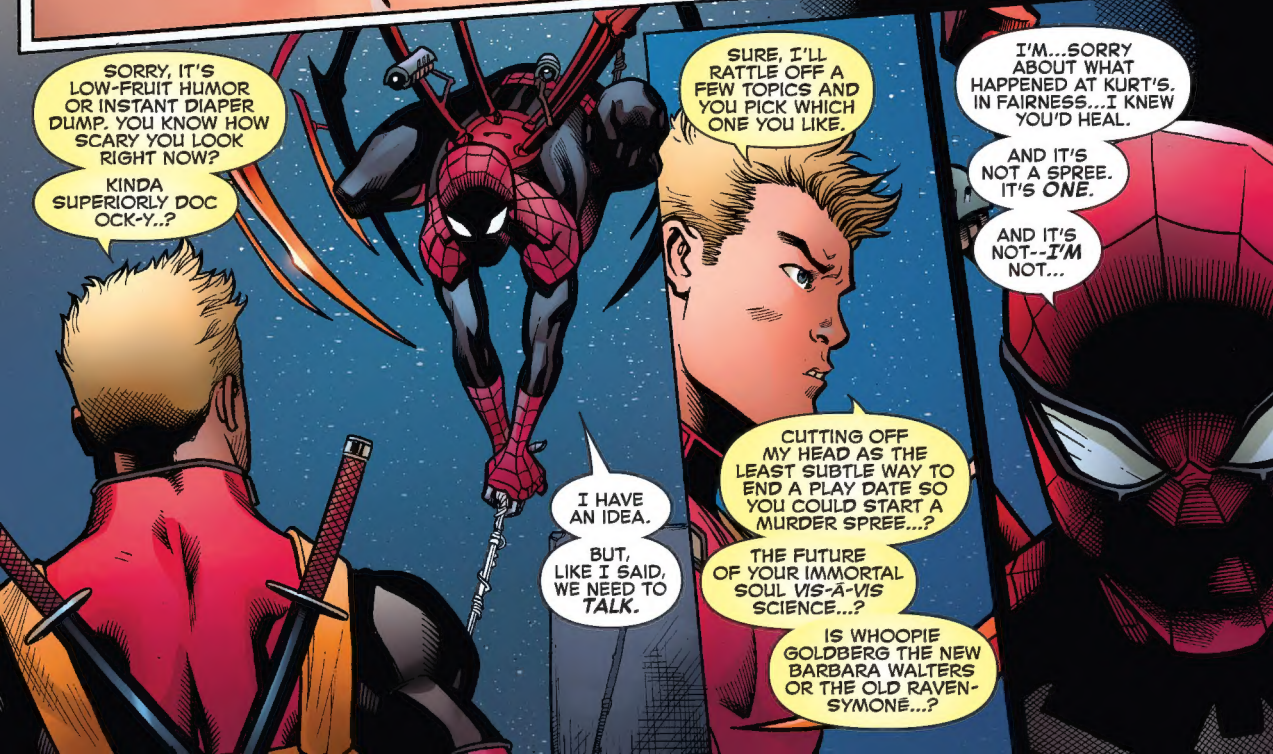
KINDA
SUPERIORLY DOC
OCK-Y...?

SURE, I'LL
RATTLE OFF A
FEW TOPICS AND
YOU PICK WHICH
ONE YOU LIKE.

I'M...SORRY
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED AT KURT'S.
IN FAIRNESS...I KNEW
YOU'D HEAL.

AND IT'S
NOT A SPREE.
IT'S ONE.

AND IT'S
NOT--I'M
NOT...



I HAVE
AN IDEA.

BUT,
LIKE I SAID,
WE NEED TO
TALK.

CUTTING OFF
MY HEAD AS THE
LEAST SUBTLE WAY TO
END A PLAY DATE SO
YOU COULD START A
MURDER SPREE...?

THE FUTURE
OF YOUR IMMORTAL
SOUL VIS-A-VIS
SCIENCE...?

IS WHOOPIE
GOLDBERG THE NEW
BARBARA WALTERS
OR THE OLD RAVEN-
SYMONE...?

A comic book page featuring Spider-Man and Weasel. In the top left, Weasel stands in his red and black tactical suit with a utility belt, looking towards Spider-Man. Spider-Man is in his iconic red and blue suit. The background shows a city street with a building. The page is filled with several speech bubbles containing dialogue. The art style is typical of 1990s comic books, with bold lines and a color palette dominated by red, blue, and yellow.

STOP. WE'VE
DONE THIS DANCE.
JUST, LET ME MAKE
A FINAL PITCH
FOR SANITY.

AFTER YOU
GAVE ME THE
ULTIMATE HAIRCUT,
I DROPPED IN
ON AN OLD
PAL.

**PATIENT
ZERO.** BENEATH THE
EMO-GEAR HE'S JUST
WEASEL, MY EX-SIDEKICK-
SLASH-WEAPONS
DUDE-SLASH-
FRIEND--

WELL,
"FRIEND" IS AN
OVER-SELL.

WHAT--?
WHY?

HE **HATES**
ME, BUT RAKING
MY TENDER GREENS
OVER HOT COALS
WAS GRAVY...

WEASEL
GOT HIMSELF
OFFED. SORT OF MY FAULT,
NO BIG--BUT IN THE
NETHERWORLD HE
CUT A **DEAL**.

HE CAME
BACK FROM **HELL**
TO EXECUTE A PLAN
FOR SOME BIGWIG
DEMON WITH A
MAD-ON FOR
YOU.

EVERYTHING
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH--
THE PARKER SETUP, THE
TECH ROBBERY, IT'S--HAS
BEEN A LONG GAME TO
WEAR YOU DOWN...
TO PUSH YOU--

WHY?!

WHY WOULD
HE CREATE THAT
MONSTER?!
WHY?!

YOU'RE
SOAKING
IN IT.

THIS IS
WHAT THEY
WANT. WHOEVER
THEY ARE.

NIGHTCRAWLER
SAID THAT THIS
WAS A BATTLE FOR
YOUR SOUL...I THINK
HE WAS LITERALLY
BEING LITERAL.

MY "SOUL"?
PEOPLE ARE DYING
BECAUSE OF ME.
WHO'S BEHIND
THIS?

I'M
SORRY, WEBS.
IT'S **REALLY** HARD
TO CROSS BACK AND
FORTH BETWEEN EARTH
AND HELL AND KEEP
YOUR MARBLES IN
THE BAG.

LIKE WHEN
YOU COME OUT OF
THE LINCOLN TUNNEL
AND THE SMELL OF JERSEY
MAKES YOU GO SENSE-
BLIND UNTIL YOU HIT
PENNSYLVANIA.

ARE YOU
TWO FINALLY
GONNA KISS?

OR ARE WE
GONNA SKIP TO THE
PART WHERE WE
TEAR IT UP?

AGAIN...
THIS IS MY
FAULT. ALL
OF IT.

YOU ARE
NOT PICKING
UP WHAT
I'M LAYING
DOWN--

I LIKE THE
NEW THREADS. BY
THE WAY, VERY
TOYETIC.



SHUT UP.

IF YOU HAVE ANY SENSE IN YOUR HEAD AT ALL, SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME...

IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE TONIGHT.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE TURNED ON, SPIDER-DADDY. ENLIGHTEN ME.

IN ANOTHER LIFE, I THINK I COULD HAVE LOVED THAT BLUE-SKINNED PSYCHOPATH...

...BUT TODAY I'M IN THE SOUL-SAVING BUSINESS...

WADE, WE HAVE TO TALK...

SPIDEY? IT'S ME, MARGARET...

BE QUIET. I'M BEAMING THIS MESSAGE INTO YOUR AURAL NERVES--

I LOVE AURAL--WAIT, NO! **SERIOUS MODE!** WHAT'S THE PLAN, SPIDEY?

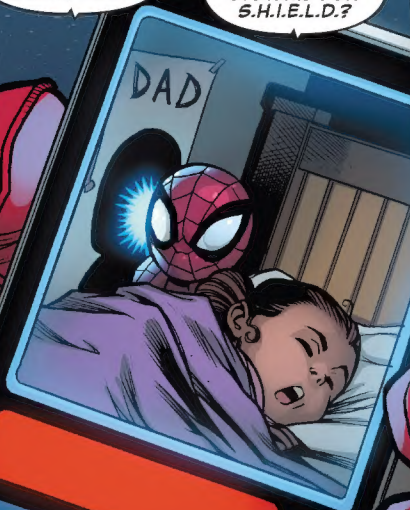
BDEET BDEET

I'VE BEEN PUT IN A BOX, WADE. THERE'S ONLY ONE DOOR. I DON'T WANT YOU IN THE WAY.

YOU #8\$%...NO.

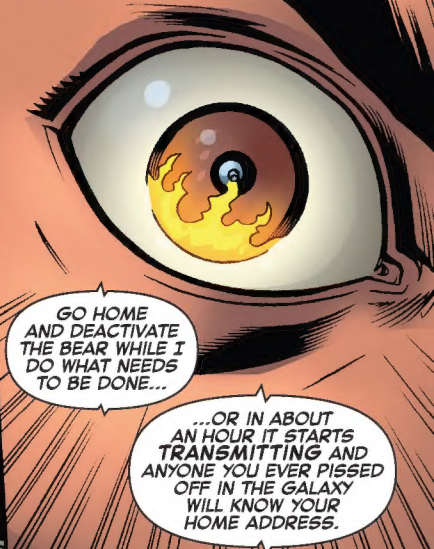
THE CLOAKING SYSTEMS YOU INSTALLED IN YOUR HOUSE ARE GOOD, BUT...

...WHO DO YOU THINK DESIGNED THOSE SYSTEMS FOR S.H.I.E.L.D.?



GO HOME AND DEACTIVATE THE BEAR WHILE I DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

...OR IN ABOUT AN HOUR IT STARTS TRANSMITTING AND ANYONE YOU EVER PISSED OFF IN THE GALAXY WILL KNOW YOUR HOME ADDRESS.



LOVING THE NEW VIBE.

I SEE YOU'RE FINALLY TRYING ON THAT EPIPHANY I ORDERED YOU LAST CHRISTMAS.

SUITS YOU... THOUGH YOU'RE POINTING ALL THE GUNS IN THE WRONG DIRECTION, HON.

THE SOONER YOU WRAP YOUR HEAD AROUND THIS--

--THE SOONER WE CAN FOCUS ON THE WORK.

MY WORK IS NOT MURDER.

LEMME FEMSPAIN IT TO YOU, BABE. YOU CALL IT "MURDER" BUT IT'S JUST A TOOL.

--EVERY TIME WE MAKE A CHOICE, WE CREATE A UNIVERSE.

I CHOOSE ANOTHER WAY.

THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM HAS ZAPPED, POISONED OR SHOT THOUSANDS IN THE NAME OF PEACE.

WHY NOT US?

WE HAVE POWER...THE POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH. IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO USE IT.

OUR "RESPONSIBILITY" DOES NOT INCLUDE PLAYING GOD!

I SEE THAT. I AM A THREAT TO YOU. YOUR FEELING OF NORMALCY AND YOUR POWER...

I REFUSE TO PLAY THE GAME YOUR WAY, AND IN LIGHT OF YOUR MANY FAILED ATTEMPTS TO STOP ME...

PEOPLE PLAY GOD EVERY DAY. NOT JUST POLITICIANS AND REALITY TV PRODUCERS... EVERYDAY NORMAL PEOPLE--

...YOU WANT TO DESTROY ME.

I DON'T WANT TO!

YOU KNOW HOW I CAN TELL WHEN YOU'RE LYING?

I CAN SEE YOUR LIPS MOVE.



YEEAAAGH!

I'VE BEEN
STUDYING MORE
THAN YOUR MESS
ED UP MANIFESTOS.

MOSTLY YOUR
REGENERATIVE
CAPABILITIES--OFF THE
CHARTS...BUT NOT
ALL CHARTS.

PARKER
INDUSTRIES HAS
MANY DIVISIONS...
CLEAN ENERGY
IS ONE OF
THEM...

...YOU'D BE
AMAZED WHAT
YOU CAN DO WITH
A SHOULDER-
MOUNTED POWER
PLANT.

YOU WANT
ME TO PLAY
GOD NOW?

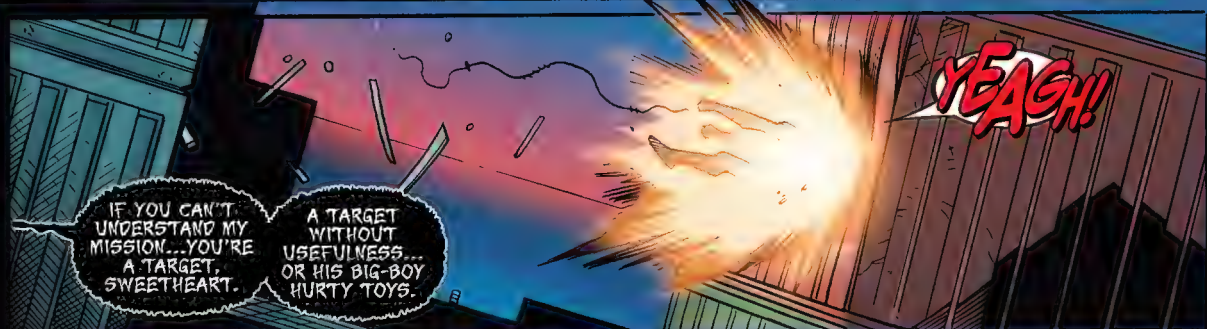
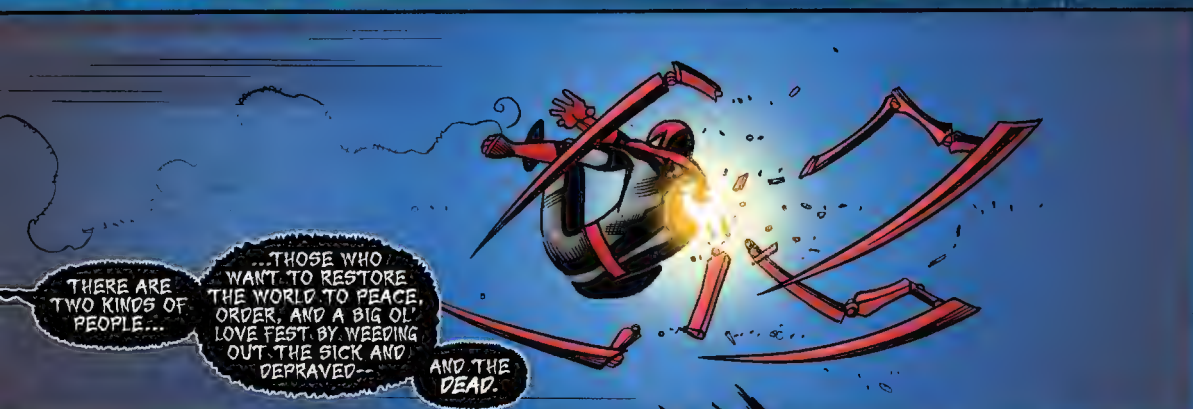
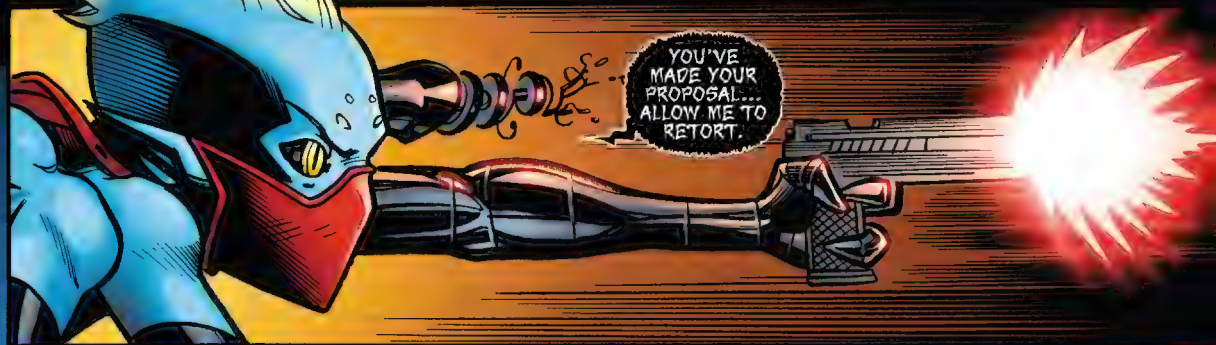
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

I WAS
LYING.

I CAN
DISSECT YOU
AT THE ATOMIC
LEVEL AND
THAT WILL
BE THAT.

UNLESS YOU
STOP.

FINAL
WARNING.





SHUNK

BUZZ!

THOSE AREN'T
THE LYRICS WE'RE
LOOKING FOR! THE
CORRECT ANSWER
WAS "DEPRESSED
AND MAUDLIN
SPIDER."

AS A PENALTY,
WE'LL BE RELIEVING
YOU OF YOUR EXTRA
ARMS AND LEGS UNTIL
SUCH TIME AS WE CAN
CUFF THEM IN THE MOST
UNCOMFORTABLE WAY
AND THROW AWAY THE
GODDAMN KEY.

WADE--
NO!

THE
TRANSMITTER
IS GOING TO GO
OFF! YOU HAVE
TO PROTECT--

I HAVE TO
PROTECT MY NECK,
THANKS, BUT IF YOU'RE
SO WORRIED THAT I'M
LEAVING MY "LITTLE
FRIEND" TO YOUR
TRAP...

...I
AM.

BECAUSE
I THINK YOU'RE
FULL OF KAKA-
DOODOO.

BECAUSE
YOU WANNA
SCARE ME AWAY
FROM THIS
FUN FEST.

BECAUSE
EVEN THOUGH
THIS PSYCHO IN
HOT PANTS HAS
YOU TWISTED IN
KNOTS, I KNOW
YOU...

...YOU'D
NEVER PUT
THAT GIRL IN
DANGER.

NEVER.

TELL
ME I'M
WRONG.



SAY IT,
WEBBS.

TELL ME WE
DIDN'T JUST KILL A
LITTLE GIRL BECAUSE
YOU'RE HAVING A MID-
LIFE CRISIS AND
I'M A DUMB
FANBOY.



SHE'S FINE!
HAPPY?!

HA!
I KNEW IT!
YOU SUCK AT
BLUFFING!

WHEN THIS
SPIDER-MANOPAUSE
PHASE HAS PASSED WE
ARE GONNA PLAY POKER
AND I'M GONNA WIN
ALL OF YOUR MONEY!

DADDIES,
PLEASE!

I'M
JEALOUS!

AND CURIOUS...
IS IT THE WIFE?
SOMEONE ELSE THAT
DEAD-DADDY
CARES ABOUT?

IS DEAD-DADDY
A REAL DADDY?

SHHINK

SHHINK

BLAM

BLAM

THAT WOULD
BE TOO BAD. I
WANTED YOU
FOR MYSELF...

...THE THREE
OF US WOULD
MAKE BEAUTIFUL
BABIES.

WADE!
STEP OUT
AND LET
ME FINISH
THIS!

STOP
IT WITH THE
MARTYR ACT AND
DO SOMETHING
USEFUL LIKE--
CATCH--

OH, SWEET
SCENT OF BRIT
MARLING THAT
HURTS!

THWIP

APPETIZER.

NO.
DESSERT.

YOU'RE FAST.
YOU'RE STRONG.
YOU'RE DRIVEN AND
YOU'RE NASTY AS
HELL...BUT THERE'S
ONE THING YOU
AREN'T...

SMART.

LIGHT
IT UP.

"CLEAN
ENERGY".

"CLEANERGY"?
MAN, I SUCK AT
MARKETING...BUT I
AM QUITE THE WHIZ
AT SCIENCE.

THIS IS A
PLASMA BREEDER.
ESSENTIALLY DUPLICATES
THE CONDITIONS OF THE SUN
FOR A BILLIONTH OF A SECOND.
ANY MORE WOULD BE
DANGEROUS...

I MEAN, TO
ANYONE WHO'S
NOT STANDING IN
THE MOUTH OF
THE THING.

ONE DAY, IF
WE CAN PROVE
IT'S SAFE, A BREEDER
LIKE THIS MAY POWER
THREE OR FOUR
COUNTRIES AT
ONCE...

THOUGH
USING IT TO
KILL SOMEONE MAY
SINK THOSE
PLANS.

I REALLY
SUCK AT
MARKETING.



DONE!
FINITO! GOOD
JOB, WEBS!

TELL ME
YOU HAVE SOME
SORT OF A GLASS
TUBE OR QUICK
HARD GEL OR
WHATEVER--

--HELL, I'LL
EVEN TAKE A LOUDLY
RINGING BELL AND A
SONIC CAGE--WHATEVER
IF TAKES, LET'S WRAP
HER UP AND GET SOME
CONGRATULATORY
NON-ALCOHOLIC
ADULT BEVERAGES!

NNGH.

YOU WEREN'T
LISTENING. WE
TRAP HER, SHE
REGENERATES.

SHE
REGENERATES,
SHE ESCAPES.

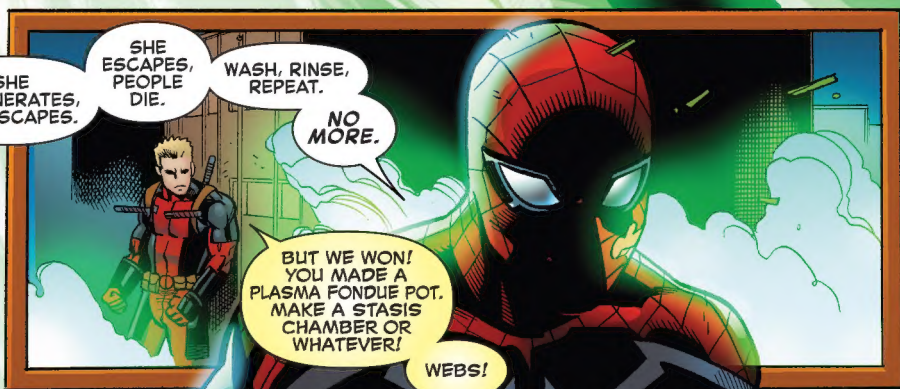
SHE
ESCAPES,
PEOPLE
DIE.

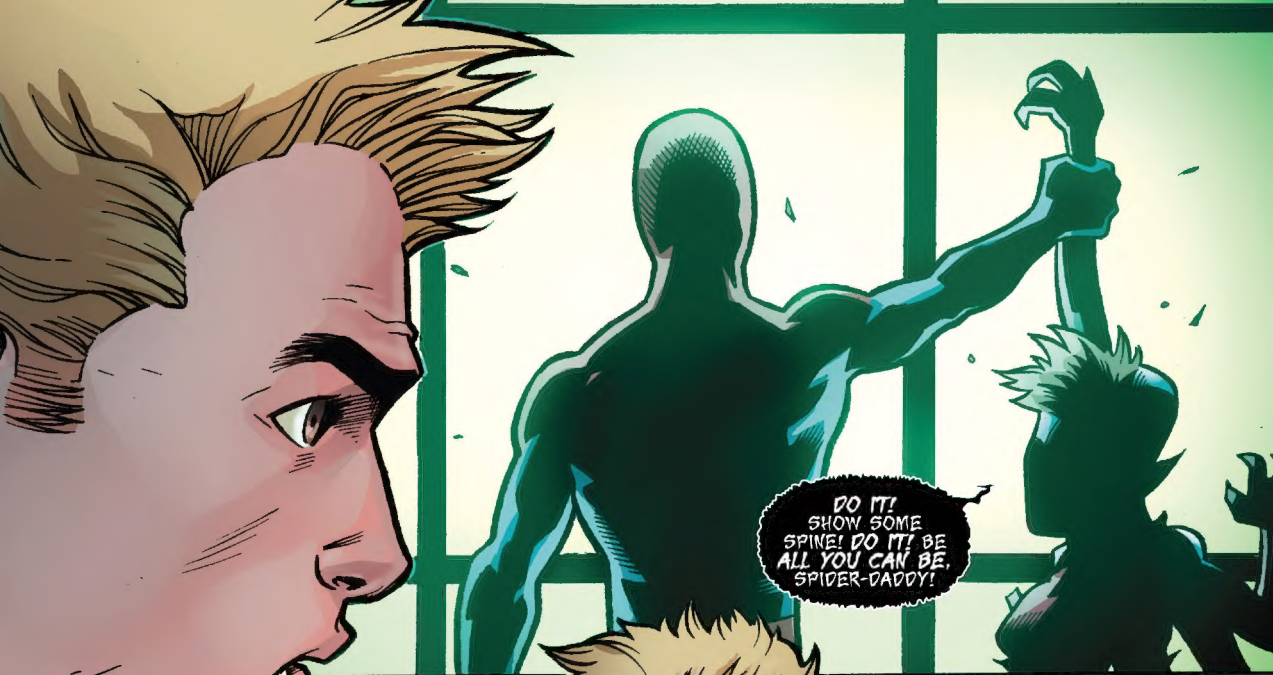
WASH, RINSE,
REPEAT.

NO
MORE.

BUT WE WON!
YOU MADE A
PLASMA FONDUE POT.
MAKE A STASIS
CHAMBER OR
WHATEVER!

WEBS!







PLEASE. DON'T.
THIS IS ME
BEGGING.

NO
BACKSIES.

NO DO
OVERS. WALK
AWAY...

...OR DRAG
YOURSELF TO
THE HOSPITAL ON
A COUPLE OF
STUMPS.



...
I'M SORRY,
WADE.

YEAH.
SAMESIES.



TO BE CONCLUDED.

NEXT:

WHAT AN ENDING!

Hello, heroes! Spider-Office Associate Editor Devin Lewis reporting to you live and in print from Marvel HQ in New York, New York.

Itsy Bitsy has been one of the coolest and craziest baddies to appear in the Marvel Universe in recent memory, and it's been such a treat watching Joe and Ed craft a story that's pushed Spidey and Deadpool to their physical, ideological, and spiritual limits.

And, don't worry, this isn't the end of Itsy's story — that could come **IN ONE MONTH!** Next issue marks the final chapter in this titanic tale, so if you want to see your thoughts about Itsy Bitsy in a **SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL** letter column, you'd better send them our way at **SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM**.

Love her? Hate her? Either way, **WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU, MIGHTY MARVELITES!**

So get to writin'!

In the meantime, we'll keep crafting the best funny books in the biz for you!

Over and out!
Devin
[@edevinlewis](https://twitter.com/edevinlewis)

